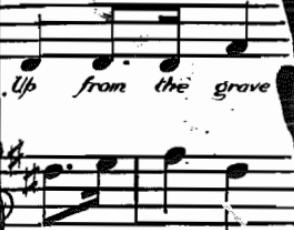


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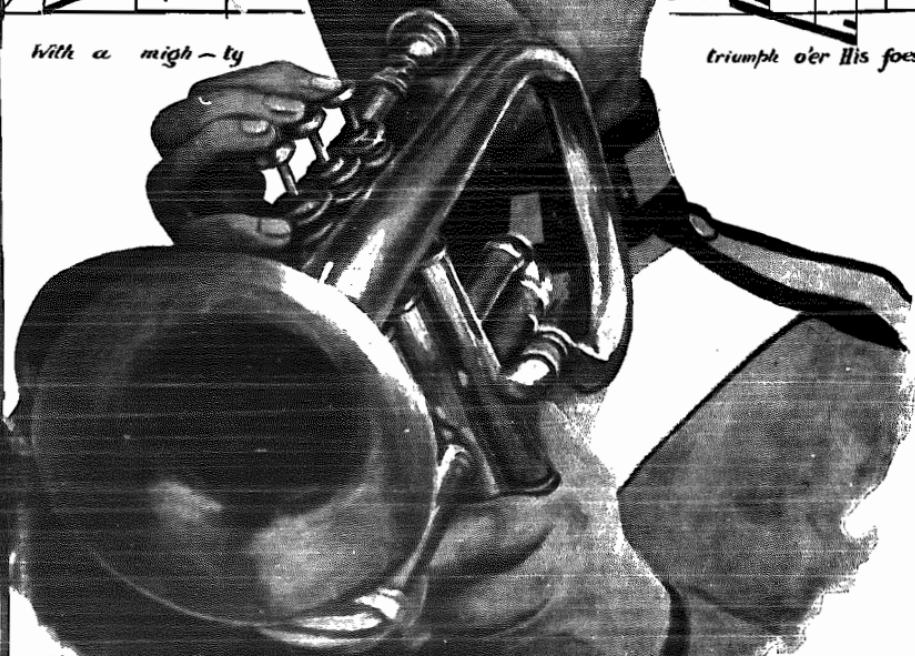
SAVATION ARMY

Opus. Allegro. M.J=112



With a migh - ty

triumph o'er His foes.



MASTER NUMBER



IN PRISON AND YE CAME UNTO ME.

As the Officer knelt and prayed, a memory of the past came over the prisoner, for she recalled the time when she too had prayed—prayed at her mother's knee in the old home. The recollection melted her into contrition and tenderness.

See page 7.



WHAT DOES EASTER MEAN TO YOU

A HEART TO HEART TALK—By THE COMMISSIONER.

ONE of the great seasons of the year—throughout all Christendom—is Easter. To many people it has its own significance, and it is to be feared that in many cases the significations are altogether connected with the world, its fashions, and frivolities. To others it is a celebration of that great event when Christ, the Passover, was slain that mankind might pass over from death to life; of the resurrection of Christ from the dead that man might have an Easter morning in his own soul, with a resurrection in his own dead self to nobler things. To all such Easter is a precious season, a time for the renewing of our oaths—reconciling ourselves to the service of the Saviour of the world. Reader, what does Easter mean to you?

The Editor has been kind enough to place some space of this War Cry at my disposal, and I have been turning over in mind how I can best use it to the glory of God and the magnificence of our dear Redeemer. My thoughts have shaped themselves in this direction: The great bulk of those who read this War Cry will be those who hear the name of Christ. What then can I say that will inspire them to greater love and more zealous manifestations of it? So I let my mind roam over our great field of all its opportunities and activities for extending the Kingdom of God. I thought of our Bands, our Corps, and our Social Institutions for the reclamation of men and women, and then suddenly my mind focused itself upon the problem that is ever present with us, namely, the need for consecrated men and women to come to the help of the Lord as Officers in the Army. I saw in imagination, the great world go sweeping by in its mad rush after gold, real estate, pleasures, and follies; and I saw the Master stand and gaze tenderly upon the crowd and heard Him in a heart-moving accent: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." The words carried my imagination to the Man of Sorrows, Calvary's rugged heights, and the words so familiar to Salvatore came to me: "I suffered this for thee; what hast thou done for me?" And thus musing I resolved that my contribution could be an appeal to young men and women to abandon their ease after the things of this world and give themselves up to a joy of saving souls. It was my intention to mention here something of the sufferings endured by our Lord in his expiation the sons of man, but I find that the Editor has given us the description of the crucifixion as written by that great pious artist, soon who, in his visit to the Holy Land, has entered so sympathetically into the spirit of that great tragedy. Read and see if ever man was like His. Young men and women who love the Lord, give yourselves to Him for service; take up his Cross; share his shame, share his poverty, and by and bye reign with him in glory. You young are His disciple, you bear his name, but the servant is greater than his Lord. So earthly ambitions are not for you. He has called you to his service—the acquiring of a worldly position, the gathering together of this world's goods, the indulgence of human affections if they are not to the advantage of the kingdom of Heaven, are not for you. You should have no ambitions—the saving of souls from the eternal burning, the peace of the New Jerusalem, the blessing of men and women of the earth of ours are the objects to which you should devote your sole being. What does Easter mean to you? Will you get before that Cross and kiss those bleeding feet, and bathe and wash them with your tears of gratitude, and give yourself unreservedly to Him who unreservedly gave himself for you? If so,

blessed art thou. If you are truly a disciple of Christ and want to work for Him send in your application for Officership to us. Of your gifts and talents do not be concerned. For those who have the gift of song and speech our platforms are waiting, for those who have the gifts of ministering and of human sympathy our homes and social institutions stand open—there is work for all in the Army. Apply now.

Then a word to Parents! What does Easter mean to you? To our Heavenly Father it meant the giving up, the abandoning to his merciless murderers of his only begotten Son. Will you give up to the War, your son, your daughter, to help to win the world back to our Father. If you will lay your loved ones on the altar for service, this Easter will mean to you a season of unspeakable blessing.

It may be that some of you who will read this are parents, and have children—duffel and good children; you have high hopes for their advancement in life. Their well-being, their comfort are great considerations with you; but you also love God and are aware of the growth of worldliness that is taking place to-day. Perhaps you have also the conviction that God requires them from you to advance His cause. How do you feel about it this Easter? This sacred season when we commemorate the giving up by God of His only Son for our redemption. Are you willing to sacrifice your son and your daughter? Let us remember what parents have done at the call of God. Abraham had a son Isaac, upon whom depended the fulfillment of a promise by Jehovah, the promise being that in the son of his old age should all the nations of the earth be blessed. But then came the voice of God telling Abraham that he was to offer up his son as a burnt offering. We can imagine the feelings of the aged Abraham when his young son looked up into his face and asked about the lamb for the sacrifice. Abraham's reply is familiar to us all—"God will provide a lamb." And so the old man, confident in his belief that the God who had entered into a covenant with him, would abide by it, calmly proceeded to offer up his son until God provided a beast for the sacrifice—a type of the lamb of God that was slain for the ransom of the world. Abraham's faith in God triumphed over his paternal feelings and to-day his narrative is one of the priceless treasures of the Christians' sources of inspiration.

Father, mother, what about your Isaac, or your daughter? Remember, whatever sacrifice, or deprivation may stare you in the face, if you lay your child on the altar for Officership—God will abundantly make up to you. He provided the means of sacrifice for Abraham, and He will provide what is necessary for your well-being. Let this Easter, then, be the season when you will take up your Cross and sacrifice your child for the glory of your God and the saving of the souls of men.

It is wonderful what sacrifices parents have made when animated by patriotism or other emotions that stir men's souls. A wealthy cultured Russian lady, whose daughter was arrested on a revolutionary charge and banished to Siberia, refused because all her five children had shown their zeal for the cause by taking an active part in it, and in consequence all five had been banished to the cruel mines and hardships of a convict's life in Siberia. Mother, father, do not hesitate to influence your child to consecrate himself or herself unto the service of the Lord as an Officer this day, and the glory of an Easter morning will dawn in your soul.

Some Unique Scenes from the Holy Land



EXTERIOR OF THE BURIAL PLACE OF ABRAHAM. The mosque Machpelah is built over the cave which Abraham bought as a burial place for his family.

The pictures on this page are the first photographic views ever taken of the carpeted sepulchral monuments beneath which lie the bodies of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.



THE TOMB OF ABRAHAM AT HEIRON, WHERE ABRAHAM, THE COMMON ANCESTOR OF THE JEWS AND ARABS, BOUGHT THE CAVE OF MACHEPHELAH FROM EPHRON. VOLUMES OF THE KORAN APPEAR IN THE FOREGROUND.

EW Bible narratives are, humanly speaking, as true as any, and of the manner in which Abraham secured a burying place in which to lay the remains of his wife Sarah. The account of this transaction is to be found in Genesis xxiii. According to this chapter, Abraham stood up and bowed himself to the people of the land, went to the children of Heth, and he communed with them saying: "If it be your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight; hear me and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zohar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which he hath, which is in the end of his field; for as much money as it will cost, he shall give it me for a possession, a burying place among you."

The reply of Ephron was this: "My Lord, hearken unto me: the land is worth four hundred shekels of silver; what is that to be twixt me and thee? bury therefore the dead."

Abraham paid the four hundred shekels and secured, according to the narrative by Abraham, a family sepulchre for Sarah.

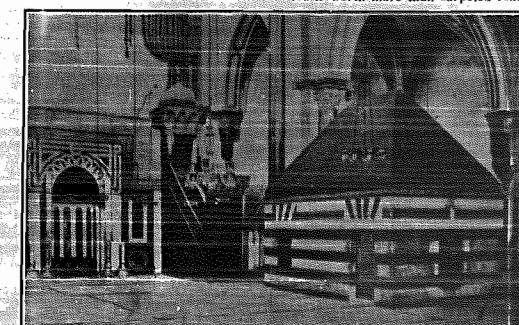
We have reproduced in the London Sphere a series of photographs said to have been the first photographs that have been secured of the sepulchres above the tombs of the Biblical patriarchs inside the Haram at Hebron, Palestine. A cenotaph, we may say, is a sepulchral monument erected to one who is buried elsewhere.

The following description of the patriarchal resting place will no doubt be of interest to our readers:

The haram, or enclosure, is held in high veneration by the Moslems, and hitherto has been secluded carefully from profanation by visitors from Western countries. A notable exception was made in the case of Edward



THE RED-COVERED TOMB OF SARAH, ABRAHAM'S WIFE. The coverings of the wife's tomb are red. Those of the men are green, the sacred colour of Islam.



THE TOMB OF ISAAC, THE SON OF ABRAHAM AND SARAH. The tomb is held in peculiar veneration among the Arabs. The Mahomedan pulpit stands next to the cenotaph.

The tomb of Isaac is the largest in the haram. The sepulchre is covered with an elaborate canopy placed directly over the remains in the cave below. The cave has long been closed up.

What Winter Relief Accomplished.

A Story Showing the Good Results that Followed an Army Friend's Generous Donation

NE winter's day, when a "cold snap" had the country in its grasp, a wholesale merchant and one of Canada's largest cities rang up on the phone an Army Officer.

"Good morning, Captain," he said. "Pretty cold weather we're having just now, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Captain, "and it's pretty hard on some folks in this city."

"That's just what I am thinking," continued the merchant, "and I wanted to tell you that I'm willing to do my share towards helping unfortunate persons. I want to donate any money, but you can have all the meat you will, and send it up to my warehouse first. Distribute it among the most needy cases that come under your observation. I'll leave it to you to figure out a way to discriminate between lay loafers and the really unfortunate and deserving poor."

"Thank you, sir," replied the Captain. "I'll be only too glad to do as you say."

"Mr. So-and-So's what a real gentleman," he said, "and to his wife as well as to the generous offer. 'Twill help us out fine. Relief work this winter."

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," said his wife. Then they went visiting.

Well, that is just the conclusion that this man came to. He had a husband by his marriage and the pale cheeks of his wife, and the ragged garments of his children, remorse took possession of him. It was all his fault that they had come to this. How well he remembered the time when he had led his young bride to the altar. She was then a fair young girl, full of hope and future, and as happy as the day was long.

Now she was a pale, emaciated, aged and broken-spirited woman, with all ambition for the success of her husband and the education of her children. And he had been the cause of it all, through yielding to the drink.

Why had he let it master him? Thinking thus he gave a groan and misfortune, sickness, added to his drinking habits, had, it appears, brought him and his family to the verge of starvation.

His wife was very sick, and there was nothing for it but to let her die.

The husband earned good wages as a labourer, and he could have kept his family in comparative comfort if it had not been for his insatiable appetite for drink. As it was his earnings went to swell the profits of the saloon keeper, while those dependent upon him shivered and starved.

The Captain, a Salvation Army Officer, had been staying at the house in the course of their visiting that day. Their hearts were touched by the pitiable condition of the family, and they decided that here was a case which needed immediate help.

The Captain's promise to send some meat, groceries, and fuel on the following morning, cheered the poor, worn-looking mother.

The woman's fears quite chased away the momentary thought that had come to the Officer's mind as to whether this was a really deserving case or not.

If the husband would only quit drinking, he had thought, there would be food enough for his family. But he couldn't "sit back and see that innocent sufferer there, his mother, without raising a finger to help them. Whether deserving or not, it's family needed assistance, and perhaps, the Captain argued, an act of kindness like this would touch the father's heart and bring him to repeance.

And the Captain calculated rightly. That night when the drunkard returned to his home and found it more bright and cheerful than usual, and a good dinner on the table, he was "all taken aback" as his wife afterwards said.

"How did you get them things, Sarah?" he said, pointing to the table.

"The Salvation Army people sent 'em," replied his wife.

Apparently the comfort of home appealed to him strongly that night, for instead of seeking company and diversion in the saloon he sat by the kitchen stove thinking as deeply as his muddled brain would per-

mit past those fatal doors. Setting his teeth, he pushed onwards toward The Army Hall. "I can and I will conquer my enemy," he said.

At the meeting he heard of the power of The Army and gave from the uttermost to the uttermost. The Captain, not knowing who he was, came to speak with him and persuaded him to seek this salvation. He went home that night sober and saved.

His wife was a bit sceptical for some time as to the morality and permanency of the change in her husband. A week after the week went by, however, and he continued to attend the Army, keep from the drink, and bring home his money she began to believe that there was something in religion after all. One Sunday night he went with him to the meeting. At the pentent-form she learned of the goodness of God's forgiving love, and went home that night with a new heart.

This did happiness come to the home of this one-time drunkard and his poor wife. They are now useful soldiers of The Salvation Army, striving to bring their children to the love of their God. The old man is a commandant, the young children, and Janie, soldiers, and a bright and happy future lies before them. Is not good interest on the investment of a piece of beef with The Salvation Army? But the story is only half told as yet.

A day or two after the conversion of the man whose story we have already told, a poor uniformed fellow came to the Officer's quarters to ask him to help him. Misfortune, sickness, added to his drinking habits, had, it appears, brought him and his family to the verge of starvation. His wife, at that moment, was lying sick, and there was nothing in the house to eat.

"Well, here's something to begin on," said the Captain, as he handed the man a twelve-ounce piece of beef that he had just cut off the half carcass that he had sold for that morning. The man was overjoyed and knew not how to express his gratitude.

"I'd like you to come and visit my wife, Captain," he said, as he was leaving. "She's pretty sick, and I'd like you to pray with her."

"I can come myself," said the Captain. "I'll send my wife along this evening."

The Captain's wife duly went on her mission, while her husband went to conduct his usual week-night meeting. Both were privileged to lead a soul to Jesus that night.

The woman was indeed very sick, and the kindly Salvationist decided to spend the whole evening at her bedside and try to cheer her.

"I'd like to go to the meeting if you want to, Jim," she said to her husband. "I'll be all right now that this sister has come."

So Jim went off to The Army meeting in accordance with a desire he had expressed earlier in the day.

Left alone, the two women began talking, and the Salvationist soon discovered that the woman's soul was sincerely desirous of seeking salvation. Kneeling by her bedside, he pointed her to Christ, and the light broke in on the woman's soul as she prayed.

At about the same time, in the Army Hall, her husband was kneeling at the pentent-form seeking God's forgiveness. He returned home just in time to bid his last farewell to his wife. She was very weak, then, than when he left that night, but she went over triumphantly with the name of Jesus on her lips. Though the sudden death of his wife was a great blow to him, the man held his God. To-day he is a respected and happy soldier of the Corps at which he sat, and his children are contented.

Truth can net the full worth of a missionary net. It is like sowing a good seed that springs up and brings forth an abundant harvest.



Handed Him a Chunk of Beef.

mit, and all the while pulling at an old pipe. It has been said that if a sinner will only sit down and think seriously for half an hour about his condition he will come to the conclusion that he ought to be saved.

Well, that is just the conclusion that this man came to. He had a husband by his marriage and the pale cheeks of his wife, and the ragged garments of his children, remorse took possession of him. It was all his fault that they had come to this. How well he remembered the time when he had led his young bride to the altar. She was then a fair young girl, full of hope and future, and as happy as the day was long.

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Cheer for the Poor.

OUR SERIAL STORY—BREWERY BROWN

**"If you don't do it right next time I'll clasp the whole lot of you in the guard-room."****CHAPTER XIV.
A SOLDIER BOLD.**

HE idea of preying on society, that he first come to Brown in his office, still, however, did not leave him. Why should he stay in a wretched London attic, he argued, making a bare living by means of arduous daily toil, when the whole English country was open to him, and he could tramp freely and gaily from place to place, faring well on the pittance of his earnings, and never would he be a slave to labour; no longer should the greedy, grasping rich use him as a tool in their money-grinding machine and fatten upon the results of his work, while draining out a pittance for him to exist on. He would be a free man, lodging under the open canopy of heaven, and forcing the people who he hated to support him, not this. So he had the strength and the manhood to roam the country, being utterly unscrupulous as to how he got his daily food. Sometimes he would beg a meal at a wayside house, sometimes he would get a crust of bread by spending the night in the casual ward of a workhouse, though this was not a favourite method, owing to the fact that he was always picking up what was afterwards required of him in way of payment; and sometimes, when all other means failed and the chances were favourable, he did not hesitate at stealing what he required.

For a time he actually enjoyed this sort of a hand-to-mouth existence, but it soon began to pall upon him, and then he began to think that the sort of freedom he had was not so very desirable after all. At times a spell of depression would seize him, and then his life seemed an intolerable burden. It was during one of these spells that he arrived in the vicinity of Alcester, a large military garrison town in England, Hungary, finding an inn, and, uninvited, went to tramp along between rows and rows of little wooden huts, the barracks of the soldiers. "Hello chum, want to enlist?" It was a spry-looking sergeant who accosted him. "Dye think I'll do for a soldier?" said Brown.

"Oh yes, you're just the man for us," said the sergeant. "We'll soon snuff you up."

Come along with me and have a hit of grub and a clean-up, and then I'll take you to the Sergeant-Major's office."

Ones to him a jaded state of mind and his hunger, that dinner tasted extra good to the poor tramp. He began to think that he could do worse than become a soldier. They had a fairly easy time of it he imagined, lots of leisure to drink and amuse themselves, nice neat clothes to wear, and lots to eat. And besides that, didn't the public employer pay? There was a good way to live, like a gentleman, at the expense of the whole nation. Why hadn't he thought of it before. The unshod feet of the master was that the Sergeant-Major found very willing recruits, and before long Brown was proudly strutting about the camp in the scarlet uniform of the Duke of Cambridge's Own Rifles.

The night he was taken to the cantine by his new-found military friends and treated to quantities of beer. He thought he had struck the ideal life at last. Being asked to chime in with a song, he very willingly consented, and he made a reputation in the regiment that night as a first-class romancer. Everything seemed smiling in his life and he had a contented few hours previously.

Now morning he was ordered out for drill with the awkward squad. This was not so pleasant. For the life of him he couldn't see why it mattered that you should place your feet in a certain position when you're right off, or about the left foot. He had to start off with the left foot, and when you started to walk, or march, they called it, that was puzzling, too. A fellow got sort of mixed up trying to remember that the left foot was the right one to start off with. That cranky old drill sergeant, too, was a perfect nuisance. He seemed to have eyes like those of an eagle, and could see the slightest wrinkle movement. His way of telling one about it, too, was not the politest.

"Now then, men, try to march past in a straight line this time. Now, there you go again, crooked as a dog's hind leg. Men don't think? You're nothing better than a lot of baboon monkeys. If you don't do it right next time I'll clasp the whole lot of you in the guard-room."

Yes, drill was anything but a picnic. Brown also found out before long that he had to set up at a certain time and go to bed at a certain time; also that he could not go out of the camp just when he liked or do as he liked when he did get out. The watch-

ful eye of the military police confronted him at every corner when he visited the town, and he could not enjoy a country walk without some getting "out of bounds." A very few weeks of soldiering convinced him that it was far from being all that his imagination had painted it. As one of his fellow soldiers tersely expressed it, "Selling 'ant all beer and skittles."

"You're right, mate," he said. "It's worse'n a blooming prison to me." And so, one day, he skipped out. Walking very early in the morning, he dressed in some old clothes he had previously taken the precaution to procure, and slipping unobserved out of the camp he took the road to London.

On reaching the Metropolis, he made at once for the Nine Elms district, knowing that he would be safe from discovery there, as if he was in foreign parts. His old pals gave him a cordial welcome, and soon he was established in his old haunts again.

But he had no intention of working for his living. He found that he could live at the expense of others by playing the game for them occasionally, and so right off with he would frequent various public houses, and, in this way he managed to eke out sufficient pence to supply his scanty needs, besides being treated to all the beer he could drink. One day, however, there came an unexpected turn in his fortunes, and Brown found that he could make "easy money" in another way. It all came about through a fight he had with another man. He had been drinking, and had visited some local sporting event, and while there had got into a dispute with a stranger. Angry words led to blows, and soon the two men were the centre of a ring of onlookers. Brown's opponent proved to be a hit "andy-mixt 'n' dinken," to express it in the language of Nine Elms. Brown's chief dependence in a fight was in his right arm. He was not what would be called a scolastic fighter. He was more of a slinger, and was able to stand a good deal of punishment before he was done for, for a fight after getting the worst of it for the first round or two, and then it is for the second round or two, and finally he knocked out his opponent by one single swift blow with his right fist. Now this was exactly what happened on this occasion, and it attracted the attention of some sporting men in the crowd who were an

(Continued on Page 18.)

ARMY WORK AMONGST WOMEN PRISONERS

Some Striking Examples of the Power of Divine Love and Human Sympathy.

It reports upon Salvatorian Army Prison Work the greater prominence is usually given to what is being done amongst male prisoners. This is perhaps due to the fact that the number of men confined behind prison walls form a larger ratio per cent. of Canada's prison population, and therefore there is not the same wide field for work amongst the remaining ten per cent. Nevertheless a great deal of good is being done amongst the women inmates of the jails and reformatories of this country, chiefly through the efforts of the members of the League of Mercy who work under the direction of Mrs. Colonel Mapp, the Secretary of the Women's Social Work in Canada.

These noble bands of women, many of them mothers of families, regularly visit the jails in addition to performing much other good work, and hold meetings with the prisoners. But they do not stop at merely preaching to the unfortunate behind the bars, they interview each one personally, pray with them, and strive to bring them to Christ. The extent to which they are able to afterwards help them, when they obtain their discharge depends upon the genuineness of their repentance and desire for reform. The Dominion Parole Officer in a recent report to the Minister of Justice said that the proclamation of the gospel is to be the ultimate object of our prisons, the treatment of the criminal within the prison walls must be supplemented by an intelligent effort outside of them.

The Army shares that belief, and as far as it is able, assists to a better life the discharged women prisoners who have come under its influence. The following is a typical case. A young girl, who will call Annie, was convicted during theft, a house and rig. She was arrested, and sentenced to a term in the Reformatory. But it did not result in her reforming her ways, and when she came out she was just as dishonest as before. She obtained a situation at an hotel in an Ontario town, where she found many opportunities of pilfering. One day, however, she was discovered carrying off a valuable article belonging to a guest, and was promptly handed over to the police. She was given a term in the local jail this time. Now the governor of this jail was a firm believer in the methods of The Salvation Army. He sent for the local Corps Officer, therefore, and asked her to visit the wayward girl and try to pray with her to change her evil ways. "The Army can do nothing for her nobody can," he said. Then he waited results, half hopeful, half sceptical. The Officer regularly visited the jail. The girl was defiant and sullen at first, but the goodness and sympathy of the Salvationists was too much for her. She gradually softened, like ice beneath the warm rays of the sun, and at last came to look forward with pleasure to the visit of the Army corps.

One day as the Officer prayed a memory of the past came over the prisoner, for she recalled to her time when she too had prayed—prayed at her mother's knee in the old home. The recollection melted her into contrition and penitence, and with tears streaming down her face she sank on her knees and cried out, "Oh God, save me! Oh God, save me!" Her heartbroken cry was heard by the Great Father, and in that moment she received assurance of pardon from him.

The change in her was remarkable. She was now determined to do right and to please God as she had formerly been led to do evil. The Governor was delighted, and gave a ready ear to the Officer's suggestion that Annie should be released on parole and sent to an Army Rescue Home. This was done, and Annie has long since

**Mrs. Colonel Mapp,
Secretary for the Women's Social Work.**

proved the genuineness of her repentance by walking humbly in the footsteps of Jesus Christ.

A very similar instance occurred in another town of Ontario. Katie was a drunkard, a wild looking creature whom most people shuddered to look at. She was sen-

drunkenness, and three days after regaining her liberty was again arrested, this time for vagrancy, and given a two-year sentence.

A local League of Mercy worker became very much impressed that she ought to try and win this wild creature to Christ. It seemed a hopeless task at the outset, but the good woman had great faith in the wonder working power of God, and refused to be discouraged by the opinion of the warden. The harsh treatment that she endured, however, did not soften her will, and she became more determined than ever. Does not this prove again that more punishment, uniced with the idea of taking revenge on wrongdoers, fails to work any reformation in the lives of human beings? Such ideas belong to a past age. The modern method must be to treat prisoners as human beings, to appeal to the best that is in them, and to insist on effecting their permanent cure.

Such methods will always fail with women like poor Katie, but the Salvationist had another way. Entering her cell one day she spoke kindly to her and attempted to win her confidence. Katie was suspicious, however, "Bah! I've got no use for your Christianity," she said. "But won't you let me be your friend, Katie?" gently said the Salvationist.

"Friends? I want no friends other than what I've got," said the girl. "The rats are all the friends I've got here," she continued. "When I'm alone they come into the cell and eat crumbs out of my hand. I'd be mighty lonesome without 'em."

"Poor Katie," said the Salvationist, "I'm sorry for you."

"Say, suddenly said the girl. "Were you ever in prison yourself?"

"No, dear," was the answer.

"Then what makes you take such an interest in me?"

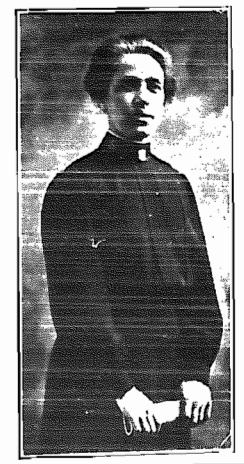
"It is Christ in me gives me the desire to befriend all in trouble," she said.

"That sounds good," uttered the girl. "I should like a religion like that."

"You can have it dear if you will pray."

But Katie would not pray, then not indeed for many a day, but finally the time came when the pleadings and tears of her Salvationist friend prevailed and the poor girl sought and found the Saviour. She changed in character, and this change has been most remarkable. The incoming of the Spirit of Christ has not only altered her character, but transformed her very face, so that instead of looking like some hunted wild animal she now has a calm and peaceful expression, and moves about her prison duties with a sweet and dignified gait. She is a pleasant sight to behold, and the Army stands ready to help her when she once more has to face the world.

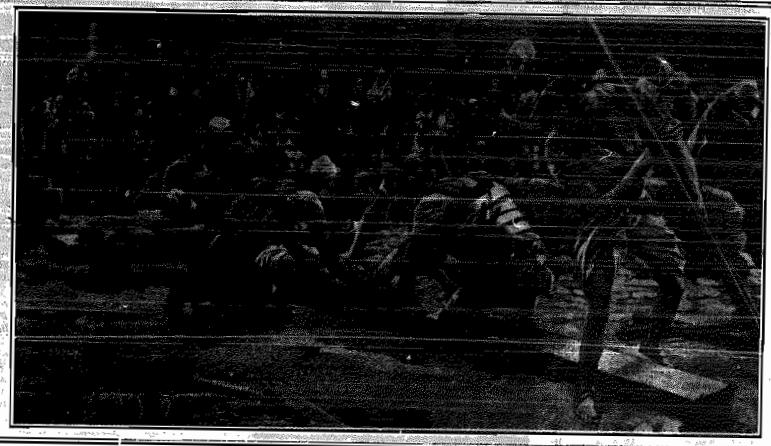
A most remarkable case of a prisoner's conversion was that of a woman whom we will refer to as Mabel. In her younger days she had married a man who was a drunkard, and she supported herself by working as a domestic servant. In some way she met a man one day who told her that she was far too good looking to be engaged in such hard work and that if she would follow his directions he would make her a fine lady. The upshot of the matter was that she married him, and in a short time fell in love with him and shared his ill-gotten gains with her accomplice. For a period of fifteen years she carried on this hideous traffic, having constantly under her control about sixteen young girls whom she had lured to their destruction. One night the Police raid the house, and Mabel and several of the poor girls were hauled off to the Police Court. They were duly sent

**Staff-Captain Deshrisay,
Assistant to the Secretary for Women's Social Work.**

(Continued on Page 18.)

THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS CHRIST.

HOW IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED.—By JAMES TISSOT.



THE MYRRH AND GALL

W ill now resume our meditations on the events of the passion, the scenes of which we have described together. We will explain as simply as possible the way in which we understand all that took place, promising, however, that, as already stated, the opinions we give represent our own private judgment alone, and that we have no wish to force them upon others. Jesus Christ has been deprived of His garments. After the descent of Calvary His body is doubtless covered with sweat. Exposed as He now is to the chill air on the summit of the hill and to the drizzling rain which is falling, He shivers with cold. The darkness over all the land which was to mark the hours of His agony is now already heralded by a sin steep gloom resulting from the gathering together of masses of cloud. He therefore sends exhausted on to the Cross laid on the ground ready to receive Him. Seeing His strength will give way utterly, that He will swoon or fail, and then retard or even prevent His agonies by dying before its accomplishment. The darkness is now complete.

The Nails Driven Into the Feet.

preparing this beverage, was reported to be of the highest rank, and it was no doubt to them that Saint Matthew referred in the present instance. There is, however, a divergence between his account and that of Saint Mark. The latter speaks very distinctly of wine mingled with myrrh, whilst the former says: "They gave Him vinegar mingled with gall." We may perhaps suppose that Saint Mark's account of a bitter drink spoken of, and if so, the beverage might be taken to be composed of vinegar and myrrh, or of v' negar and some such substance as bitter apple, which, on account of its extreme bitterness, was called gall by the Jws. "When Jesus," adds the Evangelist, "had tasted thereof He would not drink." He needed neither to quench his senses to give him strength, nor did He want a stimulant to aid Him in rally His forces. The strength rest had restored to Him all His strength of endurance. After the first shock was over, His blood flowed freely again, and He gave Himself up to His executioners, whom He flung brutally down upon the Cross.

writers that ropes were often used as "weas" or "nails." It is evident that but for some such precaution the work could not have been properly done. In order to nail down the condemned man satisfactorily, it was desirable first to bind the arms and wrists, and then, with cords, for however patient and resolute the victim might be, the agony inflicted by the driving in of the nails must have caused spasmodic movements, which would have greatly hindered the executioners in their task. It is, however, conceivable, to be more than ever necessary to take this step when the condemned man struggled to get free; and, as this was very often the case, the practice of binding the arms to begin with naturally became universally customary. The upper part of the body was also

The First Nail.

The Cross, then, is now lying upon the ground; at least that is our idea, though we must add that fact is open to question. According to some early writers, the instrument of execution was set up in a hole in the ground to begin with, and the condemned were then hoisted on to a kind of seat usually referred to, and it was not until the body was suspended that the spikes or nails were nailed to the different portions of the Cross. Many later writers are of opinion that this was the mode of crucifixion employed in the case of our Saviour, and, true to tell, it is quite possible that it may have been so. There is, however, a tradition which gives quite a different version of the course of proceedings, and this tradition we propose to follow in our consideration of this terrible scene. It was, of course, with the hands that the horribly painful operation of the nailing began; but, as there was a danger that the weight of the body would tear away the flesh, the probability is that the limbs were first bound to the Cross with cords. We know from what we are told by Pliny, Xenophon, and several other early

to begin with, the hand extended so that the palm comes over the hole already prepared in the wood, and one of the executioners drives the point of the sword into the victim's shoulder, thus his hand, as it were, holds him up, and the iron rings pull a great struggle; the hand of the victim, and from a little distance the eye, refers to it, for many, the mother of the sinner, is standing with the other mothers. Women at first of the moment, and she rushes forward as if to help the victim, but the second man is driven home, the upper part of the body is stretched out horizontally, and the second arm is made last with the rope. Another man is driven in, and one of the executioners hangs himself upon the sinner to hold him down. The next step is to bind the head and shoulders, and the hands are bound behind the back; all four being thus bound, are drawn down, and the executioners put all their strength to drive the third man through both feet. At this time the friends of Jesus are awaiting the terrible sufferings; they cling to each other, and huddle together, with compassion and anxiety, as they look down upon the sinner, whilst at each stroke of the hammer they shudder afresh. They have gradually approached the scene of the awful drama. They had at first been arrested at the foot of the hill, but now they have marched to advance as far as the southern corner of the city, and are now standing upon the platform of Cologne. The crowd mentioned has been pressing nearer the Chief Priests and the leading Jews and priests at hand, eager to witness everything; they辛勤 have hard work to keep the space reserved for the execution clear of the curious crowd, and clear it must be, for with the exception of the slaves, the head of the Cross is to be successfully accomplished. Are we to suppose that the crown of thorns was again placed on the head of Jesus at the final scene of his martyrdom? Yes; Origen, Tertullian, and many others

writers of antiquity have asserted the fact, and their statements have not even been called in question by any authoritative translator. The gospel of Nicodemus (i. 12) moreover, tells how the executioners, who had taken off the crown of thorns in order to strip the Saviour of his garments, put it on again, and also passed a cloth about his loins. Even if, however, tradition had been silent on the point, there would still have been every reason to believe that the crown of thorns was worn by Jesus, and that the executioners, for those who wrote the title on the Cross, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," are not likely to have failed to leave to the King of Whom they were making sport the melancholy insignia of the royal dignity.

The Nail Driven into the Feet

It is from the Greeks that the most accurate model of the Cross has come down to us, and its form is that of the so-called Latin Cross, with the title clearly inscribed on the upper portion and slanting line indicating the place where the feet were nailed. The way in which this form of the Cross became accepted as the true one can be readily understood. The first Apostles who were sent to preach in Syria, in Greece, and throughout Asia Minor were, of course, not sailors with galleys at their disposal, but men who had to travel on foot, and to live the life of Christ. All the smallest incidents connected with His death were of special interest, and when those who had been eyewitnesses of the execution of the God-Man were asked what was the instrument of the martyrdom, they no doubt replied by simply "pointing on the ground or on some white wall or in a sanctuary in which they happened to be seated, a rough representation of the Cross. A straight line indicated the place occupied by the body of the Victim, a transverse line showed where the arms had been outstretched, and above the title was indicated by a horizontal bar, the presence of which doubtless led later on to the idea of what was called the Patriarchal cross, a cross with two branches. Lastly, the slanting line, the piece of wood on which rested the feet of the Saviour. It was really rather difficult to manage to give a idea of this support for the feet in a design facing the spectator;

skilled draughtsman was needed for that, and the probability is that the plan adopted was to indicate by means of the initials just referred to the mode in which the feet were nailed to the cross, and that, too, as it were, the idea that like executioners, the crucifixion party, who were the Greeks of whom we are speaking, still, we do not presume to decide a question so delicate and so long the subject of controversy in a manner so simple and so offhand as this. Many authors refuse to believe in the support for the feet, and replace a kind of stool in the centre of the upright beam, on which the sufferer can sit astride. At the beginning of the century, in speaking of the cross, in the following terms: "In the centre of the Cross is fixed a piece of wood which projects like a hump and serves as a seat and support to those who are put to death by crucifixion."

The elevation of the Cross.

The elevation of the Cross with the Victim upon it was a delicate operation begetting with more than one difficulty. The body of the Saviour, held in place as it was by the nails in the hands and feet, was, of course, high up on the Cross, so that all the weight was concentrated above the centre, and the slightest slip on the part of those who were engaged in the operation of elevating the Cross would have resulted in a horrible accident. Certain authors, however, adopt the opinion that the Cross was quite a short one, and if this were so, of course the operation of elevating it would have been comparatively easier and would have changed the character of the scene. According to them, the feet of the Saviour were fastened to a short cross upon the ground, but their opinion has very little probability to support it, and it is in contradiction to most of the traditions on the subject. One of the most ancient of these traditions attributes to the cross a length of no less than fifteen feet, whilst the cross-beam was nearly half that length. Some early writers speak of the bodies of those who were crucified as being suspended with ropes, which proves that in some cases crosses were upon low, but high, which the ropes had been their part of the work was removed, and the cross stood upright in its entirety with Son of Man, all discoursing from the wounds created upon it. The hands of the Saviour are at last, as it is stated, secured by the usual cords suspending by the ropes, the hands, the torso. The clothes of the Divine Victim, which are to be divided amongst the four chief executioners as their perquisite, are done up into a bundle and laid aside for the two being, the executioners now withdraw to a distance, leaving the space around the Cross vacant, and in the words of the author of the legend, with dolorous, unutterable Jews; a word, with all those who have brought about the death of the Master. They are eager to watch closely the agony of him who had for so long a time rendered them anxious. They begin to give vent to their rage by all manner of insulting epithets; the sight of His blood, instead of appearing revolting, is to them a source of pleasure, agitating Golgotha as the surges nearer; there is no longer any need to keep the people at a distance; no rescue is possible now, and these dogs of the populace are free to come and gloat over the awful spectacle.

WATTIN

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stably step by step with you
Your whole, long, gusty lifetime through
 Be gone awhile before,
Be now a moment gone before:
Yet doubt not, soon the seasons shall restore
 Your friend to you.

He has hot turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will,
Through moor and marsh, by heugh and hugh,
That selfsame, arduous way,
That selfsame, upland, hopeful way,
That you and he through many a doubtful
day

Attempted still

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! The while
Yon travel forward, mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile
Till you, to overtake,
And strain his eyes, to search his wake
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the

Brake,
Walls on a hill

Christ hath arisen! O mountain peaks attest—
Witness, resounding glen and torrent wave!
The immortal courage in the human breast
Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the brave
To camp 'midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words, their struggling faith
have borne,
Planting the cross on high above the elms
of morn! —Mrs. Hemans.

SOME WOMEN SOCIAL WORKERS

STAFF-CAPTAIN JOST.

STAFF-CAPTAIN JOST was born in the little town of Barrington, N.S., but at a very early age went to Charlottetown to live. Her father was a Methodist minister, and so



Staff-Captain Jost.

Matron in charge of the Maternity Hospital, Toronto

naturally enough when his daughter grew up she became an ardent church worker and Sunday school teacher. She had heard or seen nothing of The Salvation Army previous to the year 1889, when she went to visit a friend in Fredericton, N.B. To her surprise this friend had joined the Army. Captain Jost came into contact with the Army a little more than she then desired. But after a while she "got converted to the Army" to use her own words. That is to say she became convinced that they were right and that they were real followers of Jesus Christ. She did not immediately become a Salvationist, however. A few months later the Army opened a Maternity Hospital in their previous acquaintance with them had swept away all prejudices from her mind, and so she attended the meetings and gained much spiritual blessing through them. One night, during a Holiness Meeting, she saw her need of a "higher up" religion than she possessed. Alone in her room she fought the battle out. It ended in her complete surrender to God. She then dedicated the remainder of her life to His service. When God called her to be a Salvation Army Officer, therefore, there was no hesitation on her part, despite the opposition of parents and friends. She entered the Training Garrison at St. John in May, 1889. Her first field appointment was to Sheenac as Cadet. She only spent six weeks here, and was then put on Special Service, touring the West Indies and twice a member of a musical troupe. Her next consisted in playing a small portable organ at the numerous meetings that were held.

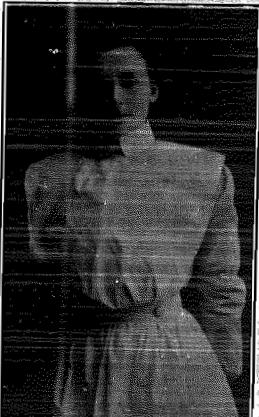
Upon the conclusion of the tour she was sent to Digby as Lieutenant. Annapolis and Fredericton followed, and then, in 1891, she was promoted Captain and sent to St. John's, Nfld., as second-in-command of the No. 11 Corps, and the Women's Training Garrison. Here she spent many happy months, and for the last half year of her term she was in full charge of the work. From here she went to Harbor Grace, and then to Bay Roberts. At the latter place a most glorious revival took place. An appointment as

superior of the Divisional Headquarters came next. Just about that time the Rescue Home was opened in St. John's, and Captain Jost was chosen to supervise it. It was difficult work as it was very hard to finance, but God answered prayer in a most wonderful way and much good was done. Her success inspired Capt. Jost as a valuable Social Worker, and a year later she was appointed to take charge of the St. John (N.B.) Rescue Home. Here she remained four years doing a splendid work amongst the fallen. The first Army Maternity Hospital in Canada was opened in St. John's during her term of service there. She was a year and a half in charge of the Halifax Hospital (followed by Capt. Jost). One morning she received a wire to the effect that she was to go to Spokane, Wash. After a hurried visit home to see her mother she started off on the long journey across the Continent. She has since crossed and recrossed it inless than six times. Out in the West she had the oversight of three Rescue Homes, and the oversight of cities, namely, Butte, Mont., Vancouver, B.C., and Spokane, Wash. The latter city was her headquarters, and here she was also appointed Police Matron. She did much good work in this connection, and saved many a young girl from a life of crime. One unique experience she had was spending a night in a cell with a murderer. After seven years of fruitless service in these Western towns she suffered a breakdown, and was obliged to take a long furlough. Two years ago she returned to her much loved work as Matron and appointed matron of the Calgary Rescue Home. She is now matron at the Bloor St. Hospital, Toronto, and also has the oversight of the Esther St. Rescue Home.

Her whole life has thus been one of toil for the good of others, and she can look with satisfaction to "something accomplished, something done."

CAPTAIN MILLS.

CAPTAIN MILLS is a typical representative of the great and increasing number of Officers in our Army who have grown up in the Army. She was born and reared in the Army when just an infant, and at the early age of seven realized definitely for the first time her relationship to God. It was during a special Young People's campaign at the Hampstead Corps, London, Eng., that the child's consciousness of really loving her Saviour was awakened. She

Captain Mills,
Rescue Officer of the Esther Street Home, Toronto.Captain Adams,
Nurse at the George Street Home, Toronto.

was commissioned as Lieutenant and sent to the Mile End Corps in the East End of London. She had many interesting experiences visiting the slum dwellers in this district. One day that stands out in her memory is that on which she called at three houses in succession and found a corpse with a each. She prayed with the weeping relatives and made what comfort to them, and as a result of her visitings the young woman at least found the Saviour and became a Salvationist. She spent seven months at this Corps, and was then obliged to go home on account of the illness of her mother.

Two years elapsed, during which time the family removed to Canada. Then the way opened once more for her to return to the work that was dear to her heart. She was appointed to speak at the Esther Street Rescue Home in Toronto. Here she spent three happy years working hard for the spiritual and moral regeneration of those under her care. She likes her work and feels that it is worth while devoting her life to it when she witnesses the transformations and changes of the fallen. Many girls have been converted as a result of her interest in them, and she is watching their progress with feelings of gladness in God for using her in such a great work.

CAPTAIN ADAMS.

EVEN before becoming a Salvationist, Captain Ethel Adams—now in charge of the Inebriates Home, Toronto, was never a world (Continued on Page 21.)

1000 Crowds in Calvary

By the Chief of the Staff.

"And they crucified Him. . . . And sitting down they watched Him there."—Matt. xxvii. 35, 36.



ASSING words spoken in times of deep emotion often reveal human character more vividly than a lifetime of talk under ordinary circumstances. Conduct which at other times is of the most trifling significance, reveals in the hour of trial, the very inwards of the soul, even making manifest that which has been hidden.

perhaps, for a generation. Thus, while watching a man with the opportunity and the temptation to deceive or oppress those who are in his power, you may see into the very thoughts of his heart; you may learn what he really is. Or you may measure the depths of a mother's love in observing her when, after violating every principle she has valued and lived for, her prodigal boy comes to ask her to take him in once more.

In the same way, words spoken by the dying are often like windows suddenly uncovered, through which one may catch a glimpse of the ruling passion of life, in the light of which their life-witness and life-labour alike look different. It is this fact which often gives the dying hour of the meanest, importance as well as solemnity. The veriest trifler that ever trifled this vale of tears has, in that last solemn hour something to teach of the secrets of mortality.

And this revelation of the real facts of human experience is of the highest value to the world. It is one of God's witnesses to truth, that truth will out. Sooner or later, selfishness and sin will appear in their naked deformity, to horrify those who behold them; and in the end justice and truth and love are certain to be made manifest in their natural beauty, to convince and to charm and to attract their beholders.

It is not only one of the uses of trial to bring this about, but it is one of the means by which God converts to His own high purposes, the misery and sorrows the Devil has brought in. The one burns the martyrs; the other brings out of that cruel and frightful wrong the glorious testimony which is the very seed of His Church. The one casts us into fiery dispensations of suffering and loss; the other takes these moments of human anguish and desolation

and makes of them open windows through which a doubting or scoffing world may see what love can do. Thus He makes us to triumph in the midst of our woes, while working in us a likeness to Himself, the All-patient and All-perfect God.

Nor is it the good and true alone who are thus made object-lessons to others, and to themselves, by these ordeals of pain. By them, many a bad man is also forced to appear bad to himself. Many a hypocrite anxious about the opinions and traditions of men, is at last stripped of his lies to see himself the wretched fraud he really is. Many a heart-back-slid, whose religion has long ceased to be anything but a memory, awakes to the shame of it and to the danger; and often, thank God, awakes in time.

Now, the words of the dying Christ on His cross are in the same way, a true and wonderful revelation of His character and His spirit. As it is only by the light of the sun that we see the sun, so it is by Jesus that Jesus is best revealed. Never one spoke like He spoke; and yet in this respect, so real was His humanity, He spoke like us all—He spoke out what was in Him. The Truth must, above all, and before all, make manifest what is true of Him-self.

To whom, then, did our Lord speak on the tree, and what spake He? What special thoughts and beauties of His soul do His words reveal?

Jesus, so far as His words have been recorded for us, spoke from the cross to Mary His mother, to one of the thieves who was crucified with Him, to God His Father, and to Himself.

His Words to Mary.

"When Jesus therefore saw His mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy Son! Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother!"

The position of Mary in these last hours was peculiarly grievous. She had lived to see the breaking down of every hope that a mother's heart could cherish for her son. Standing there amidst that mob of relentless enemies, and watching Jesus, forsaken by God and man in His mortal agony, her present sorrow, great as it was, was crowned by the memory of the holy and happy anticipations of His birth, and the maiden exultations of her soul when the angels



FEEDING THE CHICKENS AT THE ARMY'S FRESH AIR CAMP

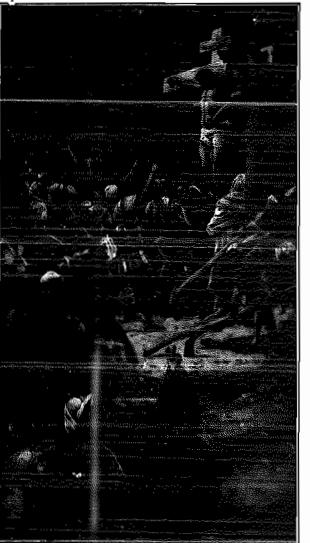
A large number of poor children from Toronto go each year taken to The Army's Fresh Air Camp, where they revel in the joys of farm and lake for a fortnight.

foretold that her Son should be the Saviour of His people and their King. How cruelly different the reality had turned out! How far, how very far away, would seem to her the quiet days in Nazareth, the rapture of her Son's first innocent embraces, and the evening communion with Him as He grew in years! What tender memories the sight of those dear bleeding feet, those outstretched, wounded hands, would recall to that mother's heart! Yes, Mary on Calvary is to me a world-picture of desolate, withering, and helpless grief—of pain increased by love, and of love intensified by pain!

And Jesus in His great agony—the Man of Sorrows came at last to the winepress that His heart might be broken in treading it alone; come to the hour of His travail; come to face the supreme agony of the sin-offering; face to face with the wrath of the Judge, blackness and tempest and anguish blotting out for the moment even the face of the Father—forsaken at last—FORSAKEN—Jesus, in this depth of midnight darkness sees her standing by the cross. Bless Him, Oh, ye that weep and mourn in this vale of tears! Bless Him for ever! His eyes are eyes for the sorrowful. He sees them. He has tears to shed with them. He is touched with the same feelings and moved by the same griefs. He sees Mary, and speaks to her, and in a word gives her John, and John to her, for mutual care and love. It was as though He said, "Mother, you bare Me; you watched and suffered for Me, and in this redeeming agony of My love, I remember your anguish, and I take you for ever under My care and I name you Mine."

Surely, there never was sorrow like unto His sorrow, and yet in its darkest crisis He has eyes and heart for this one other's sorrow. Far from Him, as the east from the west, is any of that selfish thought and selfish seclusion which grief and pain so often work in the unsanctified heart, eye, and in the best of us. What a lesson of practical love it is! What a message—especially to those who are called to suffer with Him for the souls of men—comes streaming from those words spoken to Mary. The burden of the people's needs the care of the Church, the awful responsibility of ministering to souls—these things, sacred as they may be, cannot excuse us in neglecting the hungry hearts of our own flesh and blood, or in forgetting the claims of those of our own household.

Dear friend and comrade, in your sorrow, in your sore trial of faith, in your Calvary, take to your heart this revelation of the heart of the Son of Man and be careful of the solitary and heart-bleeding



The Peasant Thief.

ones near you, no matter how humble and how unworthy they may seem.

II.

His Words to the Thief.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

The crucifixion of the two robbers with Jesus was a sort of topstone of obloquy and disgrace contrived by His murderers with the double object of further humiliating Him in the eyes of the people, and of adding poignancy to His own agony. The vulgarity and shamefulness of it were the last touch of their contempt, and the last stroke of His humiliation. There was a kind of devilish ingenuity in this circumstantial way of branding Him as a malefactor. And yet in the presence of this extremity of human wickedness and cruelty, Jesus found an opportunity of working a wondrous work of God; a work which reveals Him as the Saviour, strong to save both by His infinite mercy and by His infinite confidence in the efficacy of His own sacrifice.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Eyes and heart for the sorrowful He had, as we see; and now ears, and hope nigh at hand, for the stricken. No word of resentment; no sense of distance or separation between the spotlessness and perfection of His character and this poor lonely convict—but a strange and wonderful nearness, now and to come. *With Me,* He says—"With Me in Paradise." Ah! this is the secret of much in the life of the Son of God—this intimate, constant, conscious nearness to sinners and to sin! He had sounded the depth of evil, and, knowing it, He pitied and with an infinite compassion, its victims; He got as near as He could to them in their misery, and

dealt to save them from it. That heart-nearness to the thief had nothing to do with the nearness of the crosses. Every one knows what a gulf may be between people who are very near together—father and son—husband and wife! No, it was the nearness of a heart deliberately trained to seek it; a heart delighting in misery, and deliberately surrendering all other delights for it; hungering and thirsting for the love of the lost and ruined.

The heart panthet after the waters,
The dying for life still departs,
The dead for the living return,
For the love of rebellious hearts.

And so He is quite ready, at once to share His heaven with this poor delinquent creature, the trophy of the cross. Again—what a lesson of love—how different, all this, from the common inclination

to shrink away from contact and intercourse with the vile! Oh, shame, that there can ever have been such a shrinking in our poor guilty hearts! The servant is not above his Lord. He came to sinners. Let us go to them with Him!

III.

His Words to the Father.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The prayer for His murderers is a revelation of the wonderful nearness and capacity of love. The Saviour comes from God to pole the human soul, to find a ground on which He can plead for the forgiveness of those cruel and wicked men; and He finds it in their ignorance of the stupendousness of their sin against Him. It seems as though He chooses to remain in ignorance of what they did know, and dwell only on what they did not. "They know not what they do!"

It was ever so with us! Wrong-doers are so precious to Him that He never will magnify or exaggerate their wrong—not, no, a hair's breadth! He will not dwell on it—not, no moment, except to plead some reasonable ground for its pardon, such as this—the ignorance of the wrong-doer, or the rich efficacy of His sacrifice. He will only name sin to the Father, in order that He may confess it for the sinner, and intercede for mercy and for grace.

IV.

To Himself.

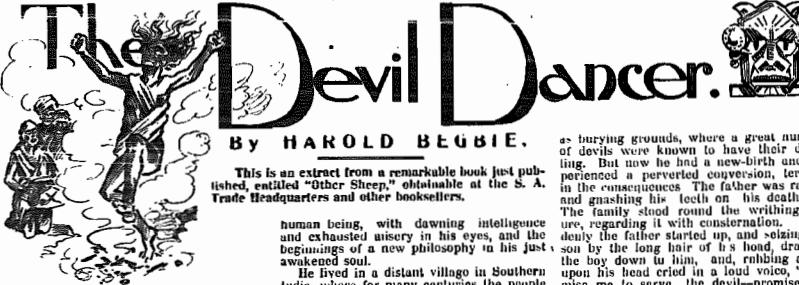
"It is finished!"

Death has always been held to afford a final test of faith, and here the human soul of Jesus passed through that mortal struggle which awaits us all when heart and flesh shall fail. "The hand of the Father is on me." As He passes the threshold of the unknown, goes as we must—into the Valley of the Shadow; faith springs forth and exclaims, "Into Thy hands." All shall be well. In this confidence I have laboured; in this confidence I die; in this confidence I shall live before Thee.

Death will come to us all. "The living know that they shall die." The waters will overflow, and the foundations will be broken up, and every precious thing will grow dim, and our life, also, will have passed. We shall then have to say of something, "It is finished!" It will be too late to alter it. "There is no man that hath power in the day of death."

What, then, shall it be that is finished?

A life of selfish ease, or a life of following the Son of Man? A life of sinful gratification, of careful thought of ourselves, unprofitable from morning to bed, or a life of generous devotion to the things which are immortal in the honour of God and the salvation of men?



By HAROLD BEGGIE.

This is an extract from a remarkable book just published entitled "Other Sheep," obtainable at the S. A. Trade Headquarters and other booksellers.

human being, with dawning intelligence and exhausted misery in his eyes, and the beginnings of a new philosophy in his just and austere countenance.

He lived in a distant village in Southern India, where for many centuries the people have offered propitiatory worship to a particularly odious devil. His father was a dead-possessed man who lived by using his power to exorcise others. He was less powerful than the other devils in the village, but the boy did not trouble him.

The boy did not trouble him, and the village did not trouble him, with gods good or immoral. The people believed in a power of evil definitely and eternally arrayed against them. To offer sacrifices and perform ceremonies which would placate this afflictive devil seemed to them obviously more rational than to supplicate any god whose merciful qualities surely glorified him against the possibility of attack from that quarter.

The dancer's father may be described as a priest of this devil-worship. He was not only the most powerful exorciser of devils, he was not only a seeker of favors from his devil, but he had definitely made a compact with this devil to serve him in return for the world's拜拜。 He was a dreadfully ugly man, the moment of his tortured life this man of the jungle and the mountains had sold his soul to that power of evil in the universe which seemed to him the master of his fate. Henceforth, a freeman of hell, he offered sacrifices to a devil groves, and went about the village exorcising, and for the arrack he had to buy day and night by calling on the names and praying for favours and mercy to the chief of the devils in the name of those troubled with sickness and pain.

I sat on a chair in front of him, and at his side knelt an Indian Officer of The Salvation Army, able to speak to the man's difficult dialect, who acted as interpreter. While I was speaking the crouching Malayali received me with a look of watchful fear; when my question was interpreted to him, he pointed his finger at the Salaman and spoke rapidly with a voice of eager anxiety, using few gestures with his arms, but thin fine and commanding, often rolling his head from side to side in distress at not making himself understood, or raising his eyes to the roof of the veranda under which he was crouching with a look of most eloquent

faith and joy in God—a small, al-mal-like

as burying grounds, where a great number of devils are known to have their dwelling. But now he had a new birth and experienced a perverted conversion, terrible in the consequences. The father was raving and gnashing his teeth on his death-bed. The family stood round the writhing figure, regarding it with consternation and shaking their heads. The boy, too, was raving and shouting and striking with a deadly cold which convulsed all his limbs and shook him with so great a trembling that the teeth rattled and grinded in his mouth. He says that he saw nothing, but that he felt the approach of the devil.

He was powerless to avert the curse. He was a man of no strength, and when he lay on his bed, his head struck him up, he felt his body occupied by something not himself, became aware of an overshadowing and masterful spirit sitting in the tenement of his body and taking absolute possession of his will.

He became a savage. Early in the morning he awoke, and leaving his house plunged into the jungle and ascended the mountains. He does not know why he was caught by the demon, he cannot tell why he was not afraid of beasts and evil spirits; driven into the wilderness by the demon possessing him simply went on and on, a lone leaven by the wind, a soul swept by the waves, a soul bereft of wisdom.

He threw himself down from heights. He beat himself with stones, tore out his hair and scratched his flesh with his nails

til it was wet with blood. Without sleep and without rest he wandered hither and thither, weeping and groaning, shouting and singing, laughing and crying. There was consciousness neither of hunger nor thirst. The sun blazed down upon his unprotected head, and he sought no shade. His body became burned with the heat, and he sought no water. Within the consciousness which seemed to be crowning, suffocating, and expiring, he felt himself swept forward by the devil himself, and yet neither the will nor the wish to fight for his safety.

How long he remained in the jungle on that occasion he does not remember. He returned eventually to his home, and found that his fame was established as a devil-possessed boy. He explains that his devil was hereditary; that as far as memory could reach members of his family had been possessed by devils. At the death of the father the eldest son always became the family's devil. Every one in the village and in some of the neighbouring villages, recognized his devil as the one which had possessed the father. He was called on to exorcise devils, and was given gifts of rice for his services.

On the moment of his possession he had been a good boy. He had known that to say, perfectly moral and obedient. He is quite certain that from the moment of his possession he became one of the greatest scoundrels in that neighbourhood. He became sexually vile and decadent. He craved for the disgusting spirit called arrack. He lived in filth, and clothed himself with filthy things. He gave him not only positive pleasure, to stab and slash himself with a knife. His arms are yet riddled with gashes, and his neck pitted with the marks of his stabbings. He could handle fire, and would rub it on his head and body without being either blistered or hurt. He could put himself into a terrible frenzy and perform in that state acts of violence and daring which sent his friends into all the perplexity. He told us what were the signs of the devil's activity and frenzies. He would begin to spit blood, then he would be shaken with a palsy, then his senses would become jumbled, muddled, and covered with a mulling obscurity, and for one night every bone in his body would ache as though he had been born again. After that he was possessed and swept forward for days and weeks by the devil possessing him.

He never saw his devil or any other devil; but he described with a wonderful quickness of gesture and a sudden flashing of the eyes what he has seen in the darkness of the night and the solitude of the jungle. Light has flashed at him from two sides, then from the opposite, so brilliant as if two fingers of flame sprang apart, one another and vanished in the ferocity of their collision; then straight in front of him, a little above the level of his eyes, he has seen a creature like a cat spinning round and round in a rush so electric that it has made a circle of light about it. In the darkness he has felt monkeys brushing past him, and then has seen them disappear into nothingness.

Like his father he dedicated himself to the devil—deliberately elected to serve Evil. He became as really possessed by evil spirits as saints have been possessed by the Spirit of God. All his experiences are a perversion of those recorded by holy men, and purveyors of the literature of Christianity.

On one occasion he has been walking days and nights without nourishment of any kind, committing excesses of indescribable horror in graveyards and wandering through the darkest and most dangerous parts of the jungle.

He became the most celebrated devil-possessed man for many miles around his village. He was regarded with reverence and dread. A man who could bring marriage and his woman worshipped the devil. People of high caste sent for him to cure them of sickness or to offer sacrifices to the devil in times of plague or famine. On one occasion a Sudra family—that is to say, a high-caste family—sent for him to cast out a demon afflicting one of its young women. This demon, known as Bedastore, or dead devil, tore the girl till she was dabbled

all over with blood. The devil-dancer remained with her for seven days, wrestling ceaselessly with that devil, and finally cast it out. The girl was completely restored. The act was consummated by a silver medal which the Sudra himself hung round the neck of the dancer, placing at the same time seven rupees in his hand—a large sum of money for any villager in India to earn at a single stroke.

So great was his fame that it checked the work of Christianity in a neighbouring village where The Salvation Army had lately planted a local Corps. People challenged the Christians to perform such miracles as this one could do every day of the week. The Adjutant went to Malyal, a man converted from the depths of heathenism, to the heights of a most beautiful purity. This man, feeling himself unworthy to attempt miracles, set himself to pray for the soul of the devil-dancer. He gave up an entire week to this purpose, and ceaselessly petitioned God for these seven days to give him the answer he desired.

The answer he desired prayer seemed to bring

growing conviction that he should go to the man and speak to him of Christ. He set out on this errand full of that utter and childlike faith which is the most striking and attractive feature in the character of an Indian saint and earnestly converted. He went as the first Apostles went on their missions with the good news of a risen Christ. It did



"He Tore out his Hair."

not trouble him to think of what he should say; it did not occur to him that he should be wild and impossible, full of fury and joy, conscious of a holy spirit leading him on. He passed barefoot over the dusty road with the sun shining in his eyes through the leaves and branches of the trees.

Half-way to the village he encountered the devil-worshippers on the road. His heart beat with hope at this coincidence, so like an answer to his prayer. He stopped him and invited him to rest under the shade of the trees. The devil dancer's arms were full of live fowls which he was carrying to a devil's temple. He was meditating on the method of killing these birds and swearing him into the hot blood. When the Adjutant learned this he said: "Brother, do not do this act but come with me to my village and let me tell you in my house the wonderful story of Jesus, who has power to save all men and to cast out all devils."

Greatly wondering, the dancer consented, and the men set out for the Adjutant's village. On the way the story of Jesus was told to the devil-worshipper. He listened with interest, asked a few questions, and came strangely quiet and tranquil as the journey drew to its end. Once in the house, the Adjutant invited his friend to pray with him. For the first time in his life, the devil-worshipper directed his thoughts to a God of purity and goodness. They prayed together

that the devil might be cast out of the dancer, that he might be set free from the evil from the powers of evil, and that his heart might become pure. Once again again the man cried out in terror that he would feel the devil coming to take possession of him. The Adjutant answered these cries by bidding him take courage and pray with strong faith in the great God over whom neither sin nor death could triumph. "Oh, I tell that devil in the jungle, cry out the man. 'No; keep praying to God, the devil will not come,' replied the Adjutant. So they prayed, these two Children of India, in little mud hut on the sun-scorched slopes of the Western Ghats whose palms are swirled by breezes from the sea, prayed to the Father of the Jesus of Nazareth, and to the Cross of Calvary, until the sun was hidden and the darkness of night fell upon the forest. Throughout the day had prayed, and now at eventide it was wet with the rain. Suddenly, lifting his head, he cried out in a glad voice: 'You have delivered me from the power of the devil! and now come to me! I can feel Him in my heart.'

This event took place more than a year ago. For the first two months he was occasionally thrown into a great fear at the sight that the devil was approaching him. Instant and passionate prayer in every case brought immediate relief. He was never once tempted to drink arrack, to commit anyinous acts, or to indulge in sexual excesses. He now, for the first time in his life, has been unmolested by his devil and wholly happy in his heart and soul. In the course of time, any knowledge of the biting and insidious effect of hereditary superstition on the mind of the savage and ignorant, will reflect upon this instantaneous change of soul, they will confess, whatsoever their opinion may be as to his possession by the devil, that sincere prayer has goodly produce in the heart of a man changed by a miracle.

He was twenty-four years old when the Adjutant first spoke to him. He was a man famous in a vast district, able to live without work, enjoying a notoriety which was flattering to his pride, and as ignorant of God as he was abandoned to loathsome vices and practices. He is now a man between five and six and twenty. He lives a life of extreme poverty by the toll of field labour, earning a pension of about three half-pence a day. In his spare time he is among those who formerly feared and respected him, telling them the story of a Christ Who has delivered him from the power of all the devils in hell. He has become singularly sweet and gentle. He is clean in his habits, and pure even in the thoughts of his heart. By his testimony many people hitherto abandoned to vice and immorality have become converted to Christ. He is something of a saint, and is loved by an increasing company of Christians in the hills of Southern India.

One thing has made a great impression on me. When he was a child he suffered constantly from sickness and disease.

When his children were born, they, too, suffered in an almost identical fashion.

But now, for a whole year, ever since the day of his first prayer to God, those children have been free of sickness and pain, and he himself conscious of a new delight in perfect health.

His eyes smile with joy as he tells of this change. "It is good to believe in God," he says, with a charming earnestness and simplicity.

He told me that there was one

in serving the devil, and that never once did

the thought of spiritual punishment in the next world strike his mind with dread.

He felt himself to be so entirely at the mercy of this demon power whom it was impossible to resist, that he resigned himself willingly and unthinkingly into the arms of a force too mighty for his opposition, and so far as he could enter his mind.

Never till the Salvationist met him in the way had he thought of God, felt himself guilty and debased or experienced the smallest dread of death.

And now as he has said, he is something of a saint, a man of prayer, a lay missionary, converting the devil-worshippers of his district to the pure and beautiful religion of Jesus Christ.

Easter Round the World.

By Commissioner Ralston.



OUR ARMY cannot be content with one Easter each year. Whenever we are on the look out for at least one Easter morning a week, and often rises even to seven, the true soldier ideal. Who does not know that every soldier in the world's Army is accustomed to hear each morning a bugle call to rise again? And the best soldiers of our Army, in every land, the very ones who are to be seen first at dawn, night, light, and amongst the worst of the people, are the ones who look for and answer to the call to knee-drill in the early Sunday hours, when so many reckon to be enjoying an extra sleep. How often such an early Sunday call has begun the renewal of life of some individual or some Corpse.

In one of our oldest British Regiments, and so the histories of our Officers and men, a runaway had tried to take away the soldiers and to finish our existence in the city, his successor began by announcing that a band of bold, brave, "fire-devils" would meet at six o'clock on Sunday morning at a central point, and march to their knee-drill. There was a great rally, a great march with song that rang through the city, marching and singing, and going again to be induced that their leaders had dared in faith to announce, "better than ever!" May it be so this Easter morning wherever any Corps has been weakened, humiliated, or half-beminded by any frost of cold. Get up!

When I try to rake the memories of forty years in many lands for specially outstanding moments of religious service, I can only say, for the first days each morning—How I remember little knee-drills of Japanese students held in the quarters of Officers who had been set apart specially to look after students' souls. Students are almost all accustomed to rise early for study, and it seemed so natural for the first little group that had agreed to break away from the world and go to Christ, to come together extra early to learn of Him, and to drink in more and more of His life. With what freedom, brotherly love, and gladness that little circle used to pray!

In Japan with its paper partitions, no set of people could well keep their religion from their neighbours, and whatever care on our part could be taken, it was evident that the Japanese sort of that is described they give of many of the most brilliant, bold, and enterprising men and I found myself unceasingly towards those living close beside them, I cannot but suppose that many in Japan must have been aroused, if not won for Christ, by what they have heard through some portion of the prayers and songs and talks of our wide-awake comrades.

That sends my thoughts flying to the anti-slavery work of the Adjutant mentioned attending. It was in Switzerland, during the worst of the old persecution days, in a city where they told me it was almost impossible for any comrade even to get or to keep a lodgings, so resolute were all the landlords to get rid of such trouble bringing tenants as all Salvationists then seemed to be. Far from having any Hall, or hall of any sort, we had to meet in any old hall, any gathering, even of our own folks, would be allowed to be held. Word was passed around, however, on the Saturday evening of my arrival, and we met in a soldier's room up above a store, but with the understanding that all was to be done in whispers, so that we might get right through before anyone could interfere. I have often wondered whether we might not draw together a doubled attendance at some knee-drills if we announced a Whitsun Meeting. We could all hear each other, and God both heard and answered our "breathings" that evening. It was hard to keep down to a whisper when we did, and I thought, "I know that the very effort to make the most of every breath really worked as well upon our souls as



Kneekill with Japanese Students.

have known it do upon a slow-to-kneel. You try it in your family circle early next Sunday!

For our knee-drill the Sunday morning after this Whitsun Meeting we met in the woods away up above the city, and oh! how we did feast there. Many a godless young man in those days got convinced, and speedily thereafter converted, through his knee-drill with salvation, and prayers from behind a tree or bush. For all who dared to join us in praying there at that time were on fire. Are you?

Whether my West Indian comrades would find it as easy as to pray in whispers I doubt, for God has taught them to develop to the uttermost their warlike spirit. I have heard their songs and prayers ringing out on the early morning. And yet, alas, we have known many men and women there, as well as in other lands, very capable of going sound asleep in their souls whilst their voices were still as loud as ever in every chorus. But oh! the enjoyment of singing and praying out in the woods, and going to Christ, and bursting out into praises to the great Creator, Canada, with its abounding woodlands and natural beauties ought surely to lead the world this year in thanksgiving. Shall you do your part that way or shall you be known on earth and then in heaven as a soulless sort? That is the description they give of many of the most brilliant, bold, and enterprising men and I found myself unceasingly towards those living close beside them, I cannot but suppose that many in Japan must have been aroused, if not won for Christ, by what they have heard through some portion of the prayers and songs and talks of our wide-awake comrades.

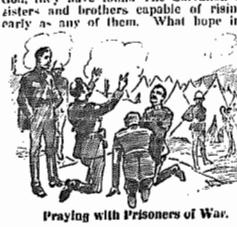
The thought of Holland seems always to bring with it that of Belgium, though there are, perhaps, few contrasted in the world's greater evils than these two countries. And yet our Belgians, whether Flemish or French-speaking, have found the Army just as capable of rising early to go and pray as when they arrived, they went away. I am sure, absolutely convinced that every Salvationist was awake to the value of praying early and late. Are you?

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The thought of the soldiers of all Europe from the country of Italy to the north of Sweden, Norway, and Finland are accustomed to the appearance of the never-look-the-War-Cry seller. But these are the sort of people who are accustomed to have God wake them up on Saturdays and Mondays, as well as on Sundays. There could, indeed, be no better War-Cry seller, for he can not help bringing up our comrades' souls. In the Scandinavian countries, where the early mornings are so often extremely cold and snowy, you will find the appetite for knee-drills as keen as in any summer lands. And those meetings have made their mark on the praying habits of our comrades in a remarkable way. How we have learned to pray in the early morning, when the markets are closed, in almost every land where our flag flies, to find so many coming along to pray on dark winter mornings, when we seemed to be almost the only people alive in the streets. Truly the resurrection power shows its mighty workings upon all who truly are round about themselves in all up and down the world.

How long would it be possible to get up an all over the world's Easter War Cry if the Army were to lose early habits of prayer?

Not every country has yet the printing outfit that we have in Canada, and yet in every country you will find the Easter War Cry a distinct feature. Whether that be so chiefly because of the thoughts that circulate



Praying with Prisoners of War.

The Canadian Easter War Cry.

round the opened grave, or those that bring more directly from Calvary world. And in every case, in every case, is the quickening power of God that makes it possible for us, year after year, and week after week, to bring forth afresh a stream of thoughts from heaven to stir the minds of the earthly.

Germany may perhaps claim to rank very high amongst the nations as a thinking power. And that has perhaps helped to bring for us, in every opportunity there to wake up men with his power. Certainly there is no country where the Army has reached so many minds and hearts with its appeals, in proportion to its numbers. During my latest tour there I was constantly gladdened by hearing, even and anon, the scoffing refrain that defines men's present impression of us:

Another in—in—in in the S. A.

The "sawdust" sitters out to imitate the speech of a dwarf. We cannot continue to push in—in—in in our country in proportion as the resurrection power keeps rising in—in—in into our own souls.

What about next Sunday morning, in your own soul? Are you believing for God to arouse you afresh, or are you getting tired of it?

In the South American Republics it used to be thought no strange thing to go to sleep



Spreading Salvation at the Early Markets.

under one Government and to wake up to learn that there had been a revolution, and that you were now under a perfectly new one. Our first Officers had to wait, indeed, on board their steamer off Buenos Ayres till such an event was sufficiently settled to allow of their landing. And yet I found our comrades there holding forth upon the greatest squalls with far more liberty than we had at the date of my tour, 18 years ago, in most European countries.

They had all found out that our Army, with all its rousing drum calls was no troubler of the public in any revolutionary sense. Would to God we could all be sure of stirring other people enough this Easter.

How persistent the Devil is in trying to bring Jesus Christ and every influence likely to bring Him up! Are you going to give way to the enemy when he tries to stir you, to calm down, or to subdue your soul, or are you going in for another, and yet another resurrection, every time he tries to put you to sleep?

In South Africa, during the war, it really looked as if the Devil would have a chance, and he did, however, manage to bury us all together. With comrades fighting to the last of their ability, on both sides, and every mind and heart in the country so occupied with the war, how likely it seemed that the Army must needs go to pieces or go under. But God had raised up a people to whom He was all-in-all, and even though so divided, and compelled in so many instances



In the Swiss Woods.

up again, very generally I believe in better condition than they were before, during the war itself, indeed, praying soldiers on both sides, who had taken prisoners or had been taken with some crowd themselves, used their opportunities to publish "Salvation

where there were, and captured from amongst their "enemies" prisoners for our King.

So let the enemy never get us into despair about ourselves and our Corps. God is able to raise us up again every time, and will, we only hold fast the beginning of our conversion as His own world-arousing, world-conquering Army to the end. And surely God never had a more remarkable opportunity to do wonders for us, and through us than just now in Canada!

In reading this over I see how much it seems like a special call to self-denial. How can anybody please Jesus Christ, or hope to share this wonderful risen life without committing Self-Denial?

What are Soldiers for if not to set the best examples of Self-Denial, and to make others do the same?

ARMY WORK AMONGST WOMEN PRISONERS

Continued From Page 7.)

seceded to the Reformatory, and here it was that this woman first came, and close with the Salvation Army. She attended the services because they relieved the monotony of prison life, but she did not mean to be influenced by them in any way. But how many have made a similar resolve and been the first to capitulate? The words of the Salvationists burned in Mabel's heart, so she could not help but think of them day after day, and gradually she began for better things sprang up within her soul.

"Mabel, I would love to see you converted," said one of the Salvationists to her one day.

"Next time you hold a meeting here, I'll go to the front and pray," replied Mabel. Now it so happened that that particular evening she was the last to leave before the next meeting day, and did not go to the prison for four months. Meanwhile Mabel had become despondent, and one day, in a despairing moment, attempted to end her life. Baring her arm she bit it off with all her might, hoping to sever a vein. The pain was excruciating, and she nearly fainted. She did not attempt a second bite.

A few days later, much to her joy, her friend returned and, true to her promise, Mabel walked out to the penitentiary-form. She got soundly converted. On her release a situation as a domestic servant was obtained for her, and the lady for whom she worked was so pleased with her services that she bought her first Army bonnet. Mabel is now a devoted soldier of The Salvation Army, striving to uplift and help others.

Very often the Army is instrumental in saving women from the degradation of a prison cell. The following instance is a good example of this sort of work. Mrs. R. — was the wife of a saloon-keeper. She was greatly addicted to drink, and when she had drunk only drove her to seek more consolation in the bottle, and she grew worse and worse, associating with the vilest type of men and shamefully neglecting her home and children. One day she was brought up in the Police Court, charged

with drunkenness and the keeping of a house of ill-fame. A term in prison surely lay before her, but the Army Officer hearing of the case, ventured to plead on her behalf.

"Will you go to prison, or go with The Salvation Army?" asked the magistrate.

The woman decided to try The Army.

While all this was taking place the older, who was second in charge of the Corps, had hunted up Mrs. R. —'s children. The poor little things were in a dreadful state, and the Captain had quite a task to get them clean. When she had bathed them, combed their hair, and put clean clothes on them, they looked like different children.

Soon their mother came in, and on seeing the change she burst into tears. They were genuine tears of repentance; her mother's heart had awakened from its long slumber and a new life was born.

"How could I ever have fallen so low as to neglect my children," she sobbed. Then she went over to the Captain and kissed her.

"And how can I ever thank you for doing for my darling what I, their mother, should have done long ago?" she said.

She was sent to a Rescue Home with her children, and we are glad to say that she completely reformed and came out a year later a changed woman. Would this have been the result if she had been sent to prison?

These few instances will give our readers some idea of what women are doing for their unfortunate sisters in this fair Canada of ours. The revelation of crime, punishment, and death is to the story, but the manifestation of Christian love shines out the brighter through it.

Thank God that there are brave women in our ranks who do not shrink from a desperate grapple with sin, but who march boldly forward to seize the prey from the mighty, and to direct their footsteps into the ways of peace, love, and holiness.

HALLELUYAH BELLMAN.

It is interesting to note that a contest is being arranged between the asserted champion lowmen of England. Already four worthies have entered the field, and the competition should prove a keen affair. Even the Devil is one of the candidates.

"He proposes to come in the traditional

in his historic costume of black bearded with gold, and carrying the seven-foot staff of office which he bears on such state occasions as the proclamations of royal accessions etc.

"Envy Irons is no ordinary sort of a town crier. He holds his office under the jurisdiction of the ancient Court Leet, and the Baron of the Royal Wines Ale, the Flitch Taster of Luton, and if any other mortal were to swing a bell and "cry" even a lost dog in Luton's square he would be at once liable to be haled before the lord of the manor, who is Sir Julius Werner, Bart.

"I keep up a lot of old customs," Irons said. "On Christmas morning I climb to the top of the tower top of the church and proclaim the birth of the Saviour from both the New and Old Testaments—'Unto us a Son is born' you know, and then that final passage from Isaiah."

BREWERY BROWN.

(Continued From Page 6.)

the lookout for a man to put into the prize ring. After the fight therefore they came up to Brown and began to talk to him about the matter. He was a bit sceptical at first about his chances of succeeding in the ring against highly-trained men, but they finally persuaded him to "try his luck at the game." So he agreed with them to commence training for his first prize fight.

[To be continued.]

But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept—Paul.

Immortality is the glorious discovery of Christianity.—Channing.

The Canadian Easter War Cry.

DAI Page of Piquant Paragraphs.

WASHING IN THE MILK!

The following is from an Army Officer in Gorkha, United Provinces, India:

"The children of the Tribesmen are bright and mischievous, with every tendency to steal like their parents. We have some amusing times with them. The other day they took five goats belonging to some one else, and when I caught them they were busy milking them, and some were actually washing themselves in the milk! They are really wild when they have got hold of it, and when I sent a dog to catch them he had to bathe in the milk, and now I send some on my errands, and give from 1 Rupee to 5 Rupees, and they bring back all the change!"

DRINK HORSES' MEDICINE.

A New Zealand Band-Sergeant relates that on one occasion before his conversion, he had spent all his cash, and found a bucket in the stable filled with horse medicine, and because it contained brandy, he ignored the other ingredients, and satisfied his depraved thirst with a long draught. The effect was fatal. But the Sergeant triumphantly declares that now the horse medicine failed to accomplish, the grace of God succeeded in—in, made a new creature of him.

"SALVATION STEW!"

The first cook pressed into service at the opening of the Army's Farm and Men's Home, known as "Driefontein," in the Transvaal, South Africa, happened to be a clever ventriloquist, but he was unpardonably deficient as a cook. It is true he could both entertain and frighten the inmates with a variety of mysterious voices, which were heard of the most unaccountable times and places, but his skill did not help him to succeed in cooking dinner which was strictly limited; in fact, it extended to one dish only, which became known among the men as "Salvation Stew!"

A CLAP FOR THE GENERAL.

At the time of the opening of Korea, Mrs. Colonel Hoggarad addressed a large number of Koreans. Before the meeting broke up Mrs. Hoggarad said she would like to show them a large photograph of the dear General, who had sent the Officers to Korea, and was the son of a man who had been a soldier in the royal guard. "Come to my tent," said the General, "and I will show you my son." The boy passed round to all as they sat on the floor, and when all had seen it one of them spoke up—a splendid fellow—and said: "We do not feel that it is respectful for us to be seated on the ground while looking upon the picture of the great good General. May we have permission to stand to our feet and clap to express what our hearts feel?" Permission was readily granted, as you may imagine, and immediately all sprang to their feet and went to work to perfect their handclap.

"CONTRACTOR" TO THE ARMY.

The news of The Army's coming to Ireland spread to the villages. It was said that a mighty Army had invaded the capital! One day a farmer visited us, informing us that he had heard of the arrival of our Army, and as he had a good number of heads of cattle, he wished to become a contractor for the supply of meat to The Army, and very easily engaged us. He had a large quantity of fresh meat every week! Imagine the dear fellow's astonishment when he learned that the great Army in Ireland consisted of but two persons!

THE FIRST WAR CRY.

In an interesting article on "Press Reception," in the latest issue of "All the World," a writer says:

"There is something about The General which appeals to the world over who regard him as one of themselves. And they are right, for whose pen is been more busy on land and sea than The General's; and has not Mr. Brewster Booth, the Chief of the Staff, told us that when the first number of 'The War Cry' was ready for the press The General and himself stayed up all night trying to get an erratic old gas engine to start the printing machine?"

A THOUSAND MILES BY COACH.

Commissioner Hay recently toured Northern and Central Australia. The lassie Officer at the place where hundreds of miles from the Provincial centre, told the Commissioner that to get to one small township 1,000 miles had to be journeyed by coach. On her arrival she was wet through, but the people supplied her with the clothing she needed, and ere she returned home, \$225 had been added to the Fund. At one town visited by the Commissioner the local clerk took upon himself to get a horse to go round the town announcing the meeting.

The Commissioner used a comet to announce his meetings. When the comet was first heard, one comrade was already at work; he at once dropped his tools, made his way to the little bark "humpy" where he lived, and, on the way, met the Commissioner, who suggested that he was going on the wrong road.

"No wrong way: me going home change clothes, come Army in uniform: me feel better in uniform."

JAPANESE SIGNBOARDS.

"The attempts of the Japanese at speaking and writing English are very commendable," says an Army Officer at present in that country. "A shopkeeper near our house has over his door, on a sign: 'Old Foreign Cloth in the Second Hand to Buy.' Some of the words are quite good, such as: 'Importer of Several Articles,' and 'You Cannot Buy It'! In the town of Yokohama I saw a sign which read: 'Japanese and Foreign Goods and Nations.' I thought of inquiring for a foreign nation, but it might have led to misunderstandings. Another man has over his door—'Marchin Tailor,' and no doubt he has advertised himself as a merchant tailor. A restaurant proprietor has over his place—'Milk Hotel.' But it is in in to see if the description was correct: but it was intended for Milk Hall."

HEARD THE DRUM IN JAVA.

One of the soldiers of Semarang Corps, Java, is no less a personage than the wife of the leading Chinese official and the richest merchant of the city. She was called Nunny-Major, or the wife of the Major, her husband holding that rank from the Dutch administration.

It was quite a simple incident which led to her conversion. Driving in the city in the cool of the evening she heard the drum. Inquiring of her coachman what it meant, he said it was the drum of the Bala Kaslaulan (Salvation Army). She ordered him to follow to the Hall. Much to the amazement of the people, she got out of her carriage and went inside, listened in good-humoured amazement for a time, and then became very unhappy. At the invitation of the General she was the first to go and kneel down. She was converted that night, joined The Army, and still sits in the ranks.

NATIVE'S NOVEL COLLECTION.

Commissioner Eddie recently opened a new Hall for native work at Unwin's, the Transkei, South Africa. At the close of the ceremony a novel collection was taken up. Besides \$21 in money, one man, on behalf of his wife, child, and home, paid 25 cents; a woman paid 10 cents; one man a shilling; and a goat and its woman promised a Muscovy duck; another one a haying head; and another one some Kaffir corn; a man, who owned more than they all, promised for himself, his k'raal, and all there were in it, a young goat whose horns had grown one inch. This was exhibited amongst these but little enlightened people all the degrees of generosity and native rroverence, which have characterised the human family in all ages.

ITS IDEA OF SCHOOLING.

The sights and sounds forced upon the eyes and ears of the small children of the Nom kanas (the huts of the Nom tribe in India), during the long evenings, are dreadful. The little ones speedily learn that they are to be thieves, and that even if they try ever so hard to be honest, they will never be successful. One bright-eyed, intelligent little boy, who came to the Army's Settlement in Gorkha, said, on being told to come to our school every day, and to school and grow up clever; then when I'm big I will rob so many rupees!" stretching out his little arms to show what a tremendous amount of money he intended one day to lay hand on. Other pretty brown girls—believe it or not—are inveterate gamblers."



The Army's First Kneadmill in Holland.

literary men have been, by the Lycum services. The result of a deeper acquaintance was the book called "In the Hand of the Potter," the spirit of which is the same as that of "Broken Earthware," although it deals with a different stratum of humanity and the experiences it describes are less violent.

Mr. Begbie will not admit that "Broken Earthware" is a similar book as religious books in a sense, as others are not. He has no use for the religious novel, not that *those* are novels—as a thing apart. No novel, in his opinion, can be a good novel unless it is a religious novel. It is impossible for a book to make any large criticism of life and to leave out religion. Religion is a moral and pivotal thing. All his other fiction, however, is a religious basis.

In spite of the dark scenes he has had to paint, Mr. Begbie looks at life with unquenchable optimism. In gathering together the materials for his forthcoming book about the Y. M. C. A., one fact greatly impressed him, namely, that those young fellows, speaking of what they had to put up with in warehouse and shop, or of the moral tone of the dormitories under the living-in system, were invariably say that the very heart of their companions was all good in them. The difference between Dr. B.'s attitude and the hard, metallic consonance so frequently met with was a touching thing.

It is an embodiment of this tender, merciful spirit that Christianity will be recognized ultimately as the most attractive thing in the world—the most beautiful, and holy, and compelling thing. It is Christianity that gave us the brief epitome of Mr. Begbie's two-hour-long afternoon as he recited his in his chair with his windows the moral code. Without religion, nihilism would become a logical thing. It is only the Christian who can give an intelligible reason for moral conduct. How is it that this wonderful thing has ever been considered unattractive?

On the wall of Mr. Begbie's study is a

Latin motto which he has taken for his own: it runs:

VITA SINE LITTERIS SOMNUS

SINE CHRISTO MORS EST

Life without books is a sleep, without Christ it is death.

"It well expresses what has come to be the overwhelming conviction of the author of 'Broken Earthware.'

The Praying League.

Pray without ceasing.—I Thess. v. 17. 1. That resurrection life may come to many dead souls.

2. That all Easter services may be blessed with Divine approval.

3. That lonely and bereaved hearts may be comforted with the confidence of eternal union with loved ones.

4. For much joy to be given our venerable General on his birthday.

MONDAY, April 1st.—The Infant Jesus. Luke 2: 12-18.

TUESDAY, April 2nd.—Worshippers of Jesus. Matt. 1: 1-11.

TUESDAY, April 2nd.—The Boy Jesus. Matt. 1: 18-52.

WEDNESDAY, April 10th.—Preparing the Way. Luke 3: 1-12; Matt. 3: 2; Luke 3: 1-17.

THURSDAY, April 11th.—In Single Combat. Matt. 3: 12-17; Luke 3: 1-12; Matt. 4: 1-4.

FRIDAY, April 12th.—The Lamb of God. John 1: 35-36.

SATURDAY, April 13th.—Inquirers after Jesus. John 1: 35-54.

SWEET EASTER FLOWERS.

Gathered by Mrs. Blanche Johnson.

Transcency is stamped on all our possessions, occupations, and delights. We have the hunger for eternity in our souls. The thought of eternity in our hearts. The desire for eternity written on our inmost be-

ing, and the need to ally ourselves with eternity, proclaimed by the most short-lived trifles of time. Either these things will be the blessing or the curse of our lives. What do you mean that they shall be for you?—Alexander Maclaren.

"Christ arose!
And with His hope arose,
And love and light;
Men said, 'Twas death,
Not Christ, died yesterday,
And truth and trust
And all things virtuous
Rose when He rose."

I want to introduce you to a beautiful, young maiden, young, and of high birth; these sublime heroines is a pattern for all Christians of all time. Her lovely face and character attracted to her a host of admirers. Yet, though many wooed, no one won that proud heart. "Their words are fair," said she, "but words are so easily spoken. What of their deeds? Not one of them loves me well enough to die for me, or do a great and noble exploit of action for my sake. I want to give my heart entirely to one who would love me even to death." "I will wait long for that," said her father with a smile. "But he was mistaken. She had not long to wait. Through a slave, who acted for her as lady's-maid, she heard the good news of the Saviour who died for us. "Do you say it was for love of us he died?" she asked. "Yes, and again." "Indeed it was," answered her young maiden. "Then I am pledged to be his," said the beautiful girl. "I vowed to give myself only to him who would die for love of me." Her heathen father insisted she should give up her new faith; but she answered: "The Son of God loves me; he died for me; I cannot deny him." "Renounce His religion or you die," chided said her parent, decidedly. "We are rich, we have the chose. The love of Christ constrained her to follow her Lord, even unto death.

A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF SUMMER HATS and CAPS



Men's Summer Cap



Ladies' Summer Hat



Bandman's Cap

Ladies' Summer Hats, Spills Straw, trimmed dark blue silk, sizes 4, 5 and 6..... \$1.75

Ladies' Summer Hats, Chip Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 5..... \$2.75

Ladies' Summer Hats, Canton Straw, trimmed dark blue, roll of silk under brim, sizes 4, 5 and 6..... \$4.00

A Full Line of DRESS

Dark Navy Blue Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd..... \$0.85

Dark Navy Blue Serge, 46 in. wide, per yd..... \$1.00

Dark Navy Blue Lustre, 46 in. wide, per yd..... \$1.00

SAMPLES ON APPLICATION

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario

GOODS Just to Hand

Dark Navy Blue Cravatene, 60 inches wide, per yd..... \$0.40

Red Cashmere, 44 in. wide, per yd..... \$0.85

LIFE'S UNDERWORLD

BECAUSE of sheer necessity and yielding to the repeated demands that are being made upon us, this Easter finds us actively engaged in making extensions in our Social Work from one end of the Dominion to the other, not forgetting Newfoundland.

The following phases of Social Work are at present being carried on in the different provinces:—

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Women's Rescue Work

Children's Home

Systematic Visitation of Jail

at New Westminster

Systematic Visitation of Penitentiary at New Westminster

Systematic Visitation of Boys' Reformatory at Vancouver

Men's Social Reclamation

Police Court Work

Hospital Visitation

Relief Work—Free Distribution of clothing, provisions and fuel

Enquiry Department

League of Mercy Work

MANITOBA.

Grace Hospital

Women's Rescue Work

Children's Home

Men's Social Work

Boys & Girls' Detention Home

Police Court Work

League of Mercy

Enquiry Work

Relief Work

Penitentiary

QUEBEC.

Hospital Work

Police Court Work

Sherbrooke Boys' Reformatory Work

Enquiry Work, Work in Jails

Relief Work

Penitentiary Work

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Hospital Work

Women's Rescue Work

Children's Work

Drunken Women's Home

Enquiry Work

Relief Work

Work in Jails

YUKON.

Men's Social Work

Jail Work

Enquiry Work

Relief Work

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Women's Social Work

Children's Work

Prison Work

Relief Work

Visitation of Camps, &c.

Relief Work

SASKATCHEWAN.

Penitentiary Visitation

Jail Visitation

Enquiry Work

League of Mercy

ONTARIO.

Hospital Work

Women's Rescue Work

Children's Homes

Enquiry Work

Fresh Air Camp

League of Mercy

Men's Social Work

Police Court Work

Central Prison Work

Work in Jails

Penitentiary Work

Homes for Working Girls

Relief Work

Visitation of Hospitals, Asylums, &c.

May we suggest that you earnestly take upon your heart the endowment of one of the above institutions, selecting whatever branch you are most interested in, and, if you so desire, apply your gift to the work within your Province. If you cannot give largely, perhaps you can support one child's cot or a girl's room—or pay for the support of one of the officers actively engaged in Penitentiary or Prison Work; or you could pay for the outing at the Summer Camp of some tired mother or city wif, or for a loaf of bread for our Relief Work, "for verily a cup of water will not lose its reward."

If you have no ready cash, goods, stocks, shares, real estate, lands, etc., are always acceptable.

The question of remembering us in your will is also a very commendable one. If you have not thought of this, do so to-day bearing in mind that "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

Further particulars in reference to any of the above branches of work will be gladly given on application to

COMMISSIONER REES, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

